

My Princess
Cunt of longing
I come
O rainbows
O waterfalls
I give and wipe a little madness from your land
My land still rocks like the chopping seas
My land Gorillas on parade
I came from dark
From poets' streets
My dagger of unreality
I am frightened
I think I've had it
I am getting old
I am a coward
A runner
A poet
A priest without cloth
Nothing matters
but flame and heat
and passion of the moment
A hundred wild birds call in the sky
A hundred wild voices in the night
A hundred jockeys on the moon
A hundred wild asses riding down the stretch
your bare back curves and arches to the night light
Freckles shining in smooth skin
Together we are one
our limbs entwined
Rocking the seas
The funny moon and stars
We kiss and murder loneliness
Entering the unknown
O love!
This my poem to you

January 3, 1969

MANHATTAN KANSAS

The wind swirls and rises / blows across the plains
The sun beats down on the hot earth
Corn
Wheat
Motorcycles
Gasoline
Go to the blue hills
See the dead cottonwoods
rise out of the water
take off your clothes
and take a dip in the old reservoir

look at the moon
and laugh your balls off
out there in the Blue Hills
the milky way sings a song
and Old Macbeth rises
from his Scottish Castle across the shore
walk through town
some cat with a hot rod
pulls out a confederate flag
and yells vote for Wallace
he's probably the guy
who threw shit in the kid's face
at the anti-war demonstration
Go out to the Blue Hills
7 Miles out of Manhattan Kansas
and look at the sky
Man creates war
and makes the machines that harvest the wheat
take your lover by the hand
and do a dance on her thigh bone
under a tree
or in the grass
and the milky way will smile down from the night sky
Out there by the old reservoir
Love is Boss
and Kansas whispers
Corn
Wheat
Motorcycles
Gasoline

Manhattan, Kansas
July 16, 1968

AUNT TILLY'S RAG

Aunt Tilly
driving in a fog
laughing with Chinamen
your thighs driving in the dark night
moon rags in your eyes frying fish
flag of American Tilly in the wind
Aunt Tilly chopping nuts for Passover seders
Vegetarian
Organic Chili
Tilly of Los Angeles
Chicago
Boston
Rome
Madagascar
forever Tilly's